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KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

23 FEB

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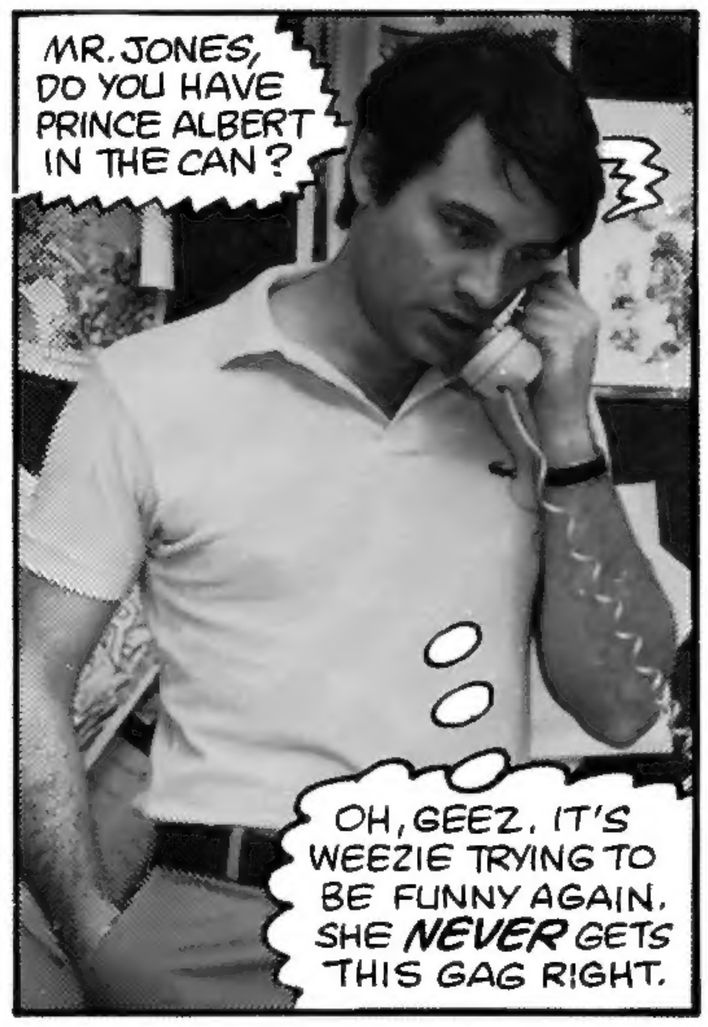
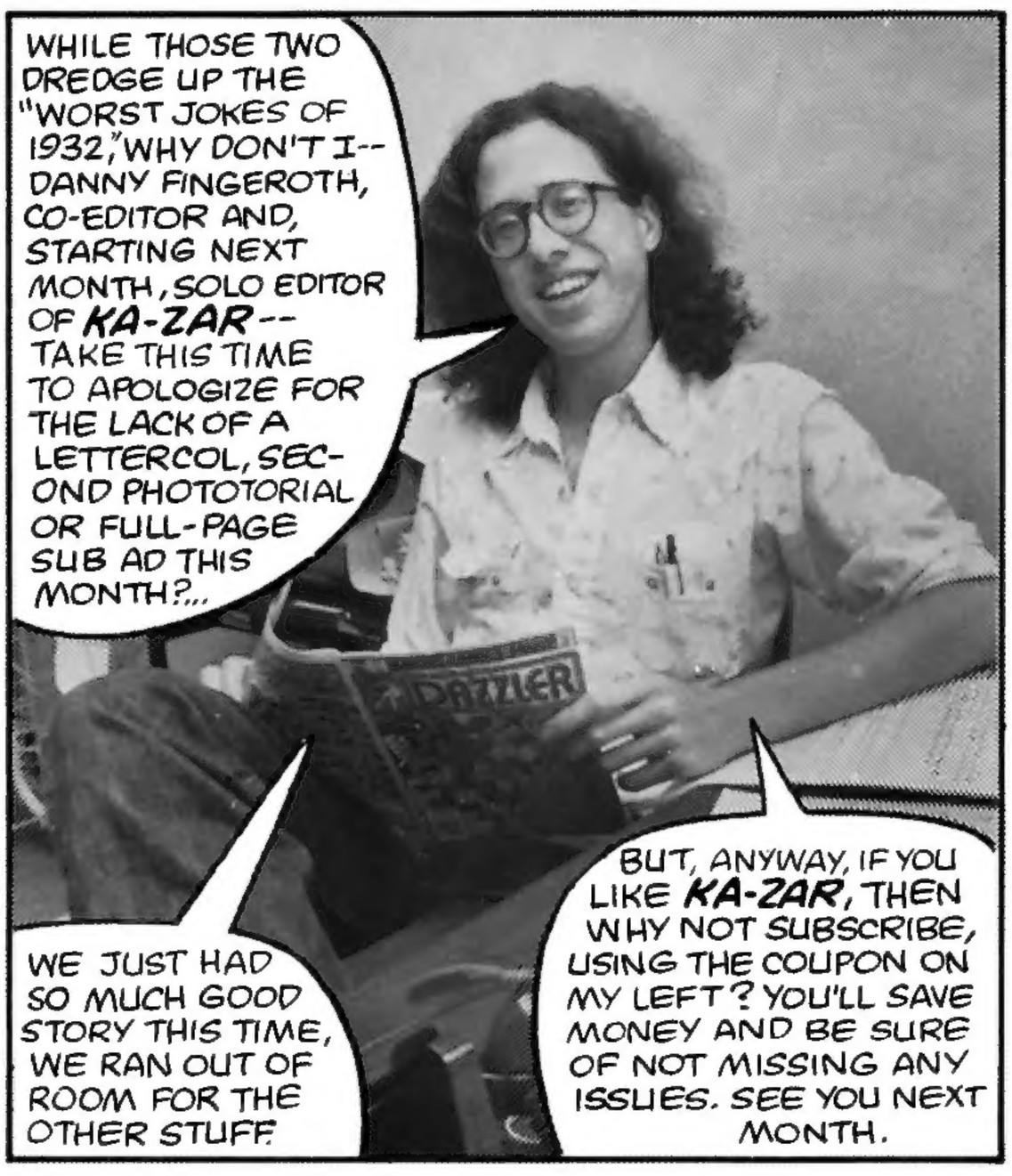
GIL KANE 1982

HI, LOUISE "WEEZIE" JONES, EDITOR OF KA-ZAR HERE.
EVERYBODY THINKS I'M SO SWEET AND LOVEABLE, BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE A PRANK CALL TO BRUCE JONES.
AW, WEEZ, GROW UP, ALREADY.




WHILE THOSE TWO DREDGE UP THE "WORST JOKES OF 1932," WHY DON'T I-- DANNY FINGEROTH, CO-EDITOR AND, STARTING NEXT MONTH, SOLO EDITOR OF KA-ZAR -- TAKE THIS TIME TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE LACK OF A LETTERCOL, SECOND PHOTOTORIAL OR FULL-PAGE SUB AD THIS MONTH?...
WE JUST HAD SO MUCH GOOD STORY THIS TIME, WE RAN OUT OF ROOM FOR THE OTHER STUFF.
BUT, ANYWAY, IF YOU LIKE KA-ZAR, THEN WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE, USING THE COUPON ON MY LEFT? YOU'LL SAVE MONEY AND BE SURE OF NOT MISSING ANY ISSUES. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.

Script: **DANNY FINGEROTH** Photography: **ELIOT R. BROWN**

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Stan Lee presents: KA-ZAR™ THE SAVAGE

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GEORGE ROUSSOS — COLORS
JANICE CHIANG — LETTERS
LOUISE JONES & DANNY FINGEROTH — EDITORS
JIM SHOOTER — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CASABLANCA -- HOME OF ROMANCE, ADVENTURE, INTRIGUE, OF A THOUSAND WINDING BACK STREETS BOILING WITH TREACHERY UNDER THE HOT AFRICAN SUN. CASABLANCA -- WHERE A MAN'S ALLEGIANCE CAN BE CHANGED WITH THE RUSTLING OF CURRENCY, WHERE A SECRET CAN BE HAD FOR A MARK A FRANC, OR A GOOD OLD AMERICAN DOLLAR... AND A LIFE COSTS EVEN LESS.

EAST AND WEST MEET HERE... AND NOT ALWAYS UNDER THE MOST PLEASANT OF CIRCUMSTANCES...

FOR KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE, THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE MOST **UNPLEASANT.** HE COMES TO HIS SENSES STANDING ATOP A BUILDING THAT OVERLOOKS A NARROW BACK STREET. HIS HEAD IS BUZZING WITH CONFUSION...

BUT THEN, CONFUSION IS THE ORDER OF THINGS WHEN YOU'VE BEEN RESURRECTED FROM THE DEAD!...

FORGET IT -- WHOEVER YOU ARE-- I WON'T BE A PARTY THIS!

HEH-HEH! OH YOU'LL DO IT ALL RIGHT! REMEMBER WE ALSO HAVE CONTROL OVER YOUR PRECIOUS SHANNA!

LOOK! HE'S GOT THE BAG WITH HIM! HURRY, KA-ZAR, BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

RESURRECTION!

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A TINNY ELECTRONIC VOICE INSIDE HIS BRAIN SOUNDS THE COMMAND--THEN AN ELECTRONIC SHOCK JOLTS THROUGH HIS BODY! THERE IS NO LONGER ANY QUESTION OF DISOBEDIENCE. HE FINDS HIMSELF, AGAINST HIS WILL, FLYING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS--

--AS HIS QUARRY ESCAPES DOWN AN ALLEYWAY...

YOU'RE LOSING HIM! BETTER CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS!

AGAIN, THE SHOCK. AGAIN, THE JUNGLE LORD'S BODY RESPONDS TO THE COMMAND OF THE VOICE INSIDE HIS HEAD BEFORE HIS MIND CAN RESIST...

ZABUUUU!

IT IS A CRY THAT CAPTURES ATTENTION...

MON DIEU! WHAT WAS THAT?!

...EVERYONE'S ATTENTION!

THE GREAT JUNGLE CAT HEEDS THE CALL OF HIS MASTER...

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF ANIMALS LURKING IN THE STREETS OF CASA BLANCA...

...BUT SABER-TOOTH TIGERS ARE USUALLY NOT AMONG THEM...

GROWR!

EEEEEEEE

LE CHAT! LE GRAND CHAT!

WELL, YOU MADE ME CALL ZABU, SO WHERE THE HECK IS HE?

SHH! LOOK BELOW YOU, IN THE STREET! IT'S ROESCHER AND HIS MEN, AND THEY'VE GOT OUR CONTACT SURROUNDED!

AGHH!!

AH, VOBO, YOU TRAITOROUS FOOL! NOW YOU SHALL RETURN WHAT YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM ME!

NO, ROESCHER, BE CAREFUL WITH IT!

SHUT UP, SWINE!

WATCH OUT!

HA-HA! YOU FRET FOR NOTHING! I AM WELL AWARE OF THE DANGERS CONTAINED WITHIN THIS LITTLE BUNDLE!

FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS A STRANGE DARK FIGURE APPEARS, WATCHING, WAITING...

PLEASE, MONSIEUR, ROESCHER, LET ME EXPLAIN--

NOT NECESSARY, VOBO. I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY. SOMEONE WAVES A FEW FRANC NOTES BENEATH YOUR UGLY NOSE, AND YOU COULD NOT RESIST THE SMELL!

ELIMINATE HIM, FREIDRICK...

STOP THEM! THEY'LL KILL OUR CONTACT!

AGH! STOP WITH THE BLOODY SHOCKS, WILL YOU-- I'M GOING!!

WHAT TH--!

WHO ARE THESE HOODLUMS ANY-WAY?

ALL IN GOOD TIME, KA-ZAR... ALL IN GOOD TIME! DO AS YOU ARE BIDDEN AND ALL YOUR QUESTIONS WILL FIND ANSWERS!

AAAAEEE!

SORRY PAL, BUT IT'S EITHER YOU OR MY BRAIN...

EXCELLENT! BRAVO! WE DID WELL TO CHOOSE YOU, KA-ZAR!

REMEMBER YOU SAID THAT WHEN IT'S *YOUR* FACE I'M SMASHING IN!

KA-ZAR! BEHIND YOU! ROESCHER'S GOT THE BAG!

HALF A WORLD AWAY...

...SHANNA O'HARA, FRIEND AND LOVER TO KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE, LIES WHERE SHE WAS HOURS AGO BASELY ASSAULTED... SHOT.

STILL AS DEATH SHE LIES, HER BREATHING SHALLOW...IRREGULAR...

SHE IS SUSPENDED IN A TWILIGHT SHADOW WORLD...

...HOVERING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE...

...AND DEATH.

WHILE...

DROP THE BAG, BALDY!

THIS IS A LITTLE MOVE I PICKED UP FROM BRUCE LEE-- BUT I'M SAVING THE REALLY FANCY STUFF TO USE ON YOU GUYS IN MY *HEAD!*

PERHAPS WE CAN PERSUADE YOU DIFFERENTLY WHEN WE MEET!

THE BAG, MONSIEUR! I GOT IT! I GOT IT!

BUT SUDDENLY, ONCE MORE, THE DARK, MYSTERIOUS FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS, AND THE LITTLE INFORMANT'S WORDS ARE RUDELY INTERRUPTED...

AGH!

HOW MANY MORE OF THESE LITTLE RATS ARE GOING TO CRAWL OUT OF THE WOODWORK? I USUALLY GET PAID UNION SCALE, Y'KNOW...

YOU'VE BEATEN THEM ALL. RELAX.

NOO! GET AWAY FROM ME!

STOP! I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

LET ME DOWN! GULP! LET ME GO, YOU STUPID BEAST!

WITH THE KNIFE'S HANDLE PROTRUDING PAINFULLY FROM BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, VOBO STAGGERS TOWARD KA-ZAR...

M-MONSIEUR... I... I ONLY WANTED TO GASP! GIVE YOU THIS...

...AND HIS BREATH IS STAYED FOREVER AS HE FALLS IN A LIFELESS HEAP AT KA-ZAR'S FEET...

KA-ZAR'S HEAD WHIPS AROUND FURIOUSLY TOWARD THE BLONDE STRANGER, HIS EYES FILLED WITH RAGE...

WHY'D YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM?

HE WAS UNARMED--HELPLESS!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, JUNGLE BOY... I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

IF YOU'LL MAKE THIS BLOODY MOUNTAIN LION OF YOURS LET GO, KA-ZAR, I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU EVERY--

AND WHERE DO YOU GET OFF CALLING ME BY MY FIRST NAME? IT'S MR. PLUNDER TO YOU, ASSASSIN!

A SUDDEN SHOCK MAKES HIS SENSES REEL...

KA-ZAR, LET GO OF HIM! HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

AGGH!

IF HE'S ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS, REMIND ME TO SWITCH SIDES!

KA-ZAR--LISTEN! SIRENS! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IT'S THE LOCAL GENDARMES! YOU AND ZABU BETTER SCRAM!

MAKE YOUR WAY TO RICK'S BAR. ANY OF THE LOCALS CAN TELL YOU WHERE IT IS. THERE'LL BE SOMEONE WAITING FOR YOU THERE

WHAT ABOUT ZABU?

TRUST ME, HE'LL BE THERE! DON'T FORGET THE BAG! AND BE *CAREFUL* WITH IT!

WHILE ON THE STREET BELOW...

SACRE BLEU! WHAT A MOTLEY CREW! WHAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT THEM ALL TO ONE PLACE?

IN THIS TOWN, WHO CAN TELL?

AND SHORTLY...

BROTHER, DOES *THIS* EVER LOOK LIKE A SCENE OUT THE LATE SHOW! YOU GUYS REALLY TAKE THIS CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF SERIOUSLY, DON'T YOU?

RICK'S

INSIDE, THERE IS A CERTAIN FAMILIARITY TO THE TABLEAU BEFORE HIM: A SEEDY CAFE, ITS SOLE OCCUPANTS A SLEEPY PIANO PLAYER AND ONE SULLEN, DISSOLUTE MERCENARY WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH A FIFTH OF JACK DANIELS...

I DON'T HEAR "AS TIME GOES BY"...

ABOUT *TIME* YOU GOT HERE.

VOBO'S DEAD. ONE OF "OUR" GUYS KILLED HIM. WHY?

HE KNEW TOO MUCH. HE WAS DISPENSIBLE. AS ARE YOU IF YOU STEP OUT OF LINE.

YOU'RE TOUGH, BUT YOU'RE NO BOGEY.

FUNNY MAN. GOT THE BAG?

YEAH. HERE.

CATCH!

YOU MANIAC! YOU WANNA BLOW US ALL TO SMITHEREENS?!

NICE CATCH...

DIDN'T THEY WARN YOU NOT TO JOSTLE IT?! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

THAT YOU GUYS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN MAKE PEOPLE JUMP!

NOW, TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT-- I'LL SHOW YOU...

OUT OF THE TUBE COMES A PHOSPHORESCENT GREEN GEL...

WATCH THE CHAIR CAREFULLY...

NOW YOU SEE IT--

--AND NOW YOU DON'T!

KA-BOOM!

AND IN AN EXPLOSION OF GLASS...

KA-RASHHH

ZABU!

YOU SEE, WE DO KEEP OUR PROMISES--HERE'S YOUR PET!

LOOKING OUT FOR DADDY? IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOY, I'M JUST FINE!

MY NAME'S PREVIN. THEY TOLD ME TO BRIEF YOU.

BUT THAT PIANO PLAYER DOESN'T LOOK SO HOT...

HEY, ISN'T THAT NORM, DR. COURTLAND'S ASSISTANT? WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH THIS HODGE-PODGE?

NOTHING NOW. HE'S DEAD... BUT HE USED TO BE ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS. UNTIL SHREIBER'S MEN GOT HIM A FEW MINUTES AGO. HE STAGGERED IN HERE... AND DIED.

WE PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES.

AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE OLD NORM, YOU'LL BE CAREFUL WITH THIS STUFF! IT'S DEADLY!

"ABOUT A YEAR AGO, A FAMOUS BIOCHEMIST NAMED LASLO VICTOR VISITED THE PLACE YOU KNOW AS THE SAVAGE LAND, TAKING WITH HIM A MAN OF DUBIOUS REPUTATION NAMED SHREIBER TO PILOT HIS HELICOPTER AND PROTECT HIM FROM LOCAL FAUNA...

"VICTOR WAS LOOKING FOR A PLANT TO USE IN MAKING A BIOLOGICALLY-BASED EXPLOSIVE... AND HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!

"VICTOR HAD DONE DEFENSE WORK BEFORE, AND KNEW THAT SUCH A WEAPON WOULD BE USEFUL TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT...

"BUT HIS PILOT, SHREIBER, HAD OTHER IDEAS...

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF, VICTOR!

AGGHH

"VICTOR FELL ON HIS KNAPSACK, WHICH CONTAINED THE EXPLOSIVE. IT BLEW--AND HE WAS KILLED..."

BUT SHREIBER RETAINED SOME SAMPLES OF THE PLANT, AND, USING VICTOR'S NOTES, HE RE-CREATED THE EXPLOSIVE FORMULA."

"HIS PLAN WAS INSIDIOUS! HE FOUNDED A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL MOBSTERS--

"--AND, USING THE FORMULA, HE PROCEEDED TO BLOW UP SEVERAL KEY GOVERNMENT INSTALLATIONS...

"HE HAS EVERY INTENTION OF EVENTUALLY TAKING OVER THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! HIS HEADQUARTERS NOW ARE IN THE DESERT JUST OUTSIDE CASABLANCA."

VOBO STOLE SOME OF THE FORMULA FOR US, SO WE COULD ANALYZE IT, BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. WE WANT CONTROL OF SHREIBER *AND* HIS OPERATION.

ONCE WE HAVE THEM... WE'LL BE *INVINCIBLE!*

WE? WHADDYA MEAN *WE*, PALEFACE? ONE MINUTE I'M FIGHTING KRAVEN THE HUNTER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG APPLE--

--AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M ON A ROOFTOP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD, LISTENING TO SOME IDIOT'S VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, AND GETTING BLASTED WITH A THOUSAND VOLTS THROUGH THE BRAIN-PAN IF I DON'T DO IT FAST ENOUGH!

NOW, I'M REALLY RUNNING OUT OF PATIENCE...

PERHAPS I'D BEST LET COLONEL STARR HERSELF EXPLAIN. AH, THERE'S THE CAR NOW.

COLONEL STARR? WHO'S COLONEL STARR?

AND A FAMILIARLY TINNY VOICE ANSWERS HIS QUESTION...

GOOD WORK, PREVIN! I SEE YOU'VE MANAGED TO KEEP OUR STAR PLAYER IN ONE PIECE UNTIL I GOT HERE!

HELLO, KA-ZAR... LONG TIME NO SEE...

R-RAMONA?...

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE CANTINA...

BEGINNING TO REMEMBER, NOW, KA-ZAR? YOU WERE DYING OF A BULLET WOUND INFLICTED--

"--BY ME!

"IT WAS A FOOLISH THING FOR ME TO DO, LETTING MY QUARREL WITH YOUR GIRL-FRIEND ENDANGER OUR MISSION. BUT SHE'S SUCH A GOODY-GOOD."

"WHAT MISSION?"

"LATER, DARLING, MY 'HUSBAND', DR. COURTLAND, REALIZED THAT YOU WERE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, WOULD PROBABLY DIE. WE DECIDED THEN AND THERE THAT YOU'D BE PERFECT FOR OUR...EXPERIMENTS.

"THE ONLY DOCTORS WHO COULD SAVE YOU WERE IN MANHATTAN--THOUGH YOUR SALVATION WASN'T TO BE A COMMON ONE.

"OF COURSE, YOUR OWN STAMINA AND RECUPERATIVE ABILITIES SURPRISED EVEN US...

SHANNA! RAMONA! KA-ZAR'S GONE!

FRAGILE

"YOU WANDERED ALL OVER THE BIG APPLE, GETTING INTO ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE, GAVE US QUITE A CHASE. YOU COULDN'T SPEAK, COULD BARELY THINK...

...BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP YOU!

"I EVEN DUPED THAT POOR SAP, KRAVEN THE HUNTER, INTO GOING AFTER YOU. BUT HE TURNED IT INTO SOME RIDICULOUS TRIAL OF HONOR.

"FINALLY, WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE YOU, KRAVEN, AND SHANNA WERE GOING TO BUY IT--

"--SPIDER-MAN APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE AND SAVED YOUR SKINS. BUT YOUR FALL INTO HIS NET BROUGHT YOUR CONDITION TO A *CRISIS* POINT.

"SHANNA CALLED AN AMBULANCE. IT ARRIVED...

"...WITH A SLIGHT CHANGE IN PERSONNEL. *OUR* OPERATIVES NOW MANNED IT.

AMBULANCE

"THEY TOOK YOU TO RIVERSIDE HOSPITAL, WHERE WE HAVE A SECRET WING ALL OUR OWN, DEVOTED TO LIFE-AFTER-DEATH EXPERIMENTATION.

"WE DISSOLVED THE BULLET THAT HAD BEEN LODGED IN YOUR BRAIN. BUT EVEN SO...

"THERE, ON THE OPERATING TABLE, YOU DIED...FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS.

"BUT BEFORE THE LIFE-ESSENCE COULD ESCAPE FROM YOUR BODY, WE RE-INTEGRATED IT INTO YOU AND KEPT YOU ALIVE."

"DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU...YOU CAPTURED MY *SOUL*?!"

ACTIVE

NON

"OH, NOTHING SO MYSTICALLY MELODRAMATIC, KA-ZAR. YOU'RE NOT A ZOMBIE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT. WE SIMPLY--OR NOT SO SIMPLY--HAD BEEN WORKING ON METHODS TO RE-INTEGRATE LIFE-ESSENCES--AND USED THEM TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

"WE EVEN RESTORED YOUR SPEECH. WHY, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY AS GOOD AS NEW.

"WE IMPLANTED A DEVICE IN YOUR BRAIN TO KEEP YOU ALIVE, AS WELL AS TO KEEP YOU IN COMMUNICATION--AND IN LINE.

"WE'RE ABLE TO SEE WHAT YOU SEE, HEAR WHAT YOU HEAR..."

"...AND SHOCK MY BRAINS OUT!"

"AFTER THE OPERATIONS, YOUR FRIENDS WERE TOLD OF YOUR 'DEMISE; SHOWN THE BODY--DRUGGED TO SIMULATE DEATH...

"...AND THEN, WHILE *POOR, DEAR* SHANNA STOOD NUMB AND HEARTBROKEN, YOU WERE WHISKED OUT THE BACK WAY TO A WAITING PLANE.

22

"I KNEW THAT, GOOD AS YOU WERE, YOU WERE TWICE AS EFFECTIVE WITH ZABU'S HELP. I HAD TO ARRANGE TO TAKE HIM FROM THE ANIMAL SHELTER AND BRING HIM HERE..."

I USED A TRANQUILIZING DART, OF COURSE. WE'VE KEPT HIM UNDER CONTROL SINCE, WITH OTHER DRUGS.

I STILL DON'T GET IT. WHO *ARE* YOU PEOPLE, ANYWAY?

WHO, US?

WHY, WE'VE JUST A COUPLE OF LIL' OL' ***SPIES***, AGENTS OF ***A.I.M.!****

*ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS--A SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE TECHNOLOGICAL OVERTHROW OF ALL GOVERNMENTS.--LED.

LATER...

...SO YOU SEE, COURTLAND AND I WERE NEVER REALLY HUSBAND AND WIFE. WE'RE BOTH CAREER A.I.M. AGENTS, I BEING MORE HIGHLY PLACED THAN HE.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK NOW IS *ANOTHER* AGENT POSING AS ME. SHE TOOK MY PLACE WHEN WE CAME HERE WITH YOU.

SHE'LL MAINTAIN THAT IDENTITY TO MISLEAD THE OPPOSITION. WE DON'T WANT OUR MISSION HERE MEDDLED WITH.

AND WHEN THEY'VE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE... SHE AND COURTLAND WILL BE ELIMINATED, RIGHT?

YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS.

WELL, HERE'S ANOTHER-- WHY ME? WHY'D YOU CHOOSE *ME* FOR THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE?

SUCH INGRATITUDE TOWARDS YOUR SAVIORS, KA-ZAR. BUT IT WASN'T ORIGINALLY INTENDED THAT WAY. WE WENT TO THE SAVAGE LAND ONLY TO COLLECT MORE SPECIMENS OF THE ICKITARI PLANT, TO DUPLICATE COURTLAND'S EXPLOSIVE.

BUT WE NEEDED SOMEONE TO HELP US WITH OUR RAID ON SHREIBER'S COMPOUND, AND SOMEONE WHO COULD HELP US TEST OUR RESSUCITATION DEVICE IN A COMBAT SITUATION.

YOU, THE CIRCUMSTANCES-- EVERYTHING CAME TOGETHER. THE MOMENT WAS THERE, I SEIZED IT.

AND YOU.

ZABU WAS A PROBLEM, BUT I TOOK SHOTS TO CLEAR UP MY ALLERGY TO HIM. OF COURSE, I HADN'T RECKONED ON THAT IDIOT REDHEAD OF YOURS KICKING UP SUCH A FUSS...

THERE! HOW DO I LOOK?

LIKE YOU'RE AUDITIONING FOR A BOND MOVIE.

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH SHANNA.

GRUF

SHANNA IS OURS-- UNTIL YOU COMPLETE YOUR MISSION.'

YOU'RE SLIME, RAMONA. SLIME THROUGH AND THROUGH. I FEEL NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR YOU.

YOU FORGET, DARLING: I HANDLE THE CONTROLS. YOU FEEL EXACTLY WHAT I TELL YOU TO FEEL...

...AND RIGHT NOW WHAT I WANT YOU TO FEEL--

--IS ME!

TOO BAD OUR TECHNOLOGY CAN'T KEEP YOU ALIVE MORE THAN A FEW MORE DAYS, KEVIN... BUT LIVE FOR THE MOMENT, I ALWAYS SAY.

SHANNA! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN OVERPOWER ME, KA-ZAR, YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT THE GUARDS OUTSIDE WITH THE WIRE INTO YOUR BRAIN-- THEY WON'T BE SO EASY.

SO YOU MAY AS WELL ENJOY YOURSELF. I KNOW *I* WILL.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...

SHANNA? ... SHANNA? ...

SHANNA, IT'S ME-- SPIDER-MAN! SHANNA, WAKE UP!

S-SPIDER-MAN ...? OH... I WAS HAVING A DREAM! I DREAMED THAT KA-ZAR WAS STILL ALIVE... HE... HE WAS CALLING MY NAME! I WAS--

--HEY, WHA--? WHERE AM I ANYWAY?

YOU'RE IN RAMONA COURTLAND'S APARTMENT. DON'T YOU REMEMBER COMING HERE?

N-NO... NOTHING... I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT...

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT HERE TOO LATE, ANYWAY. RAMONA'S GONE, SO IS DR. COURTLAND.

WHERE DID *THIS* COME FROM?

YOU MUST HAVE HIT YOUR HEAD AGAINST SOMETHING WHEN YOU PASSED OUT. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

DIZZY...

LOOKS PRETTY BAD...

C'MON. I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO PETER PARKER'S. HE'LL BE ABLE TO FIX YOU UP.

SOON...

BETTER?

MUCH. THANK YOU...

YOU'RE AWFULLY SWEET, PETER PARKER...AND SO IS YOUR FRIEND SPIDER-MAN. WHERE DID HE GO?

HE HAD SOME... UH... WEB-SWINGING TO ATTEND TO. HE TAKES CARE OF THE HEROICS--I DO THE FIRST AID.*

EVERY 1 ROOM

*PETER IS SPIDEY, FOR THE THREE OF YOU WHO DIDN'T KNOW-- L.&D.

YOU DO IT VERY WELL.

IT'S EASY WITH A PATIENT LIKE YOU.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET SOME REST NOW.

YES...SOME REST... SO I CAN GET A GRIP ON MYSELF...

YOU KNOW, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S REALLY... GONE...

YOU KNOW--SOB!-- I'M *NEVER* GOING TO GET OVER HIM! -SOB!- I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WISHING I'D DIED WITH HIM! -SOB!-

SHANNA...

...DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!

THE NEXT DAY, UNDER THE BAKING DESERT SUN...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE BEING SULLEN! JUST BECAUSE YOU FEEL A CERTAIN LOYALTY TO THAT SIMPY REDHEAD, THAT'S NO REASON WHY YOU AND I SHOULDN'T FRATERNIZE...

FRATERNIZE? SORRY, COLONEL STARR, BUT MY IDEA OF FRATERNIZATION DOES NOT INCLUDE PERFORMING LIKE A STUD BULL UNDER PENALTY OF ELECTROCUTION!

I'M SURE SOME OF YOUR OTHER BOYFRIENDS ARE INTO THAT SORT OF THING, BUT PERSONALLY I PREFER A LESS KINKY APPROACH TO SOCIALIZING.

FROM NOW ON WHY DON'T WE STICK TO BUSINESS, SINCE THAT'S PRESUMABLY WHY YOU KIDNAPPED ME IN THE FIRST PLACE.

COME ON, KA-ZAR, ADMIT IT! YOU ENJOYED LAST NIGHT AND YOU KNOW IT!

IS THAT LESSON ONE IN THE A.I.M. INSTRUCTION MANUAL?

IF IT IS, YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN...

OOOOOO! THE FAMOUS PLUNDER EGO! I FORGOT! WELL, THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME, DARLING... WHY DON'T *YOU* TEACH *ME*?

WHY DON'T I JUST HAVE ZABU RIP YOUR SWEET LITTLE THROAT OUT?

NOW, NOW--NOT WHILE MAMA HAS THE CONTROL BUTTON!

THERE THEY ARE! GET READY TO BLAST THEM!

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO SHANNA, RAMONA! I WON'T COOPERATE ANOTHER INSTANT UNLESS YOU TELL ME!

DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD WAIT TILL AFTER LUNCH--I, UH, THINK WE'VE GOT COMPANY...

BE SURE TO HIT THE FEMALE FIRST!

I WANT HER DEAD BEFORE SHE HITS THE GROUND!

NEXT: DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR LOIN CLOTHS

IN THE DAYS WHEN KA-ZAR WAS A BOY...

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TALES of ZABU!

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • VAL MAYERIK ART • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORS • LOUISE JONES EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

GOOD-BYE FOREVER

HIS NAME IS ZABU...

HE IS A FULL GROWN, THREE-HUNORED POUND, MALE SABER-TOOTH TIGER IN HIS PRIME...

HE HAS JUST RESCUED THE UNCONSCIOUS KEVIN PLUNDER (LATER TO BE KNOWN AS KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE) FROM THE CLAWS OF A FEMALE PTERANODON...

HIS LEG IS HOPLESSLY ENSNARLED IN THE JAWS OF A WOODEN BEAR TRAP SET BY MAA-GOR THE MIGHTY, THE BRUTISH CAVE DWELLER WHO HATES BOTH ZABU AND YOUNG KEVIN WITH AN INTENSITY APPROACHING INSANITY...

TOO EXHAUSTED FROM HIS RESCUE EFFORTS, TO DO MORE THAN LIFT HIS HEAD WEAKLY, ZABU GAZES UP LISTLESSLY AT THE SHINY TIP OF MAA-GOR'S SPEAR...THE TIGER HAS EXACTLY SEVEN SECONDS TO LIVE...

SIX SECONDS TO LIVE...

FIVE SECONDS TO LIVE...

FOUR SECONDS TO LIVE...

THREE SECONDS TO LIVE...

TWO SECONDS TO LIVE...

ONE SECOND TO LIVE...

HAA!!

CHUFF!

MAA-GOR'S DANCE OF VICTORY IS LOUD AND JOYOUS. THE LAST SABER-TOOTH IN THE SAVAGE LAND IS DEAD!

BUT WAIT! THE TASK IS NOT COMPLETED! THE YELLOW-HAIR STILL LIVES!

MAA-GOR WOULD REALLY PREFER TO LEAVE HIS SPEAR BURIED IN THE GREAT CAT SO THAT EVERYONE WILL KNOW WHO KILLED THE LAST LONG-TOOTH...

...BUT NO PROBLEM...

...THIS LITTLE BOULDER WILL DO!

OR WOULD MIGHTY MAA-GOR BE MIGHTIER STILL IF HE WERE TO BRING THE YOUNG ONE BACK ALIVE AND KICKING?...

WHUNK!

YES... WHAT IF HE SPARED THE CHILD... RAISED HIM TO FIGHT, PERHAPS EVEN AS HIS OWN SON?

NO MAN IN ALL THE JUNGLE COULD CLAIM TO HAVE A SON WITH YELLOW HAIR! ALL WOULD WALK IN AWE OF MIGHTY MAA-GOR!

A SON... YES... THAT HE COULD TEACH TO HUNT AND KILL AND RULE THE TRIBE ONCE HE, MAA-GOR, BECAME OLD AND FEEBLE!

YES... A SON!... IT IS A GOOD PLAN...

HOURS LATER, A GROGGY KEVIN PLUNDER AWAKES TO FIND HIMSELF BEING FORCE-FED BY A BEVY OF GIGGLING, HALF-NAKED CAVE GIRLS...

HE GAZES ABOUT HIMSELF WITH DULL, LISTLESS EYES.

THE PUNGENT ANTELOPE BLOOD STEW HELPS A LITTLE IN REVIVING HIM, BUT THERE IS ONE VERY REAL PROBLEM...

HIS THOUGHTS ARE MUDDLED... HAZY. THOUGH CONSCIOUS NOW, HE STILL REMAINS CONFUSED, IN A STUPOR.

HE STANDS PASSIVELY AS THE GIGGLING ENTOURAGE DRESSES HIM IN HIS NEW FINERY AND HANDS HIM THE WAR CLUB THAT MARKS HIM AS A TRUE SON OF MAA-GOR THE MIGHTY...

AND THAT NIGHT, IN CHIEF MAA-GOR'S VILLAGE, THERE IS A CELEBRATION SUCH AS THE SAVAGE LAND HAS NEVER KNOWN...

KING MAA-GOR HAS RETURNED... AND HE HAS A NEW, FAIR-HAIRED, BLUE-EYED SON!

ALL HAIL MAA-GOR THE MIGHTY!!

NEXT:
A
SAVAGE
IS BORN!